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No. 7.

READING.

WE have frequently spoken in reference to the *intellectual* part of reading in our schools,—that is, a full understanding, or comprehension, of the meaning of whatever is read. Our present purpose is, to invite attention to a few hints in regard to the *mechanical* part of reading.

Our first suggestion is, that in many, if not in most of our schools, a great deal too much is read, especially by young children, while too little attention is paid to the manner of reading.

In learning a foreign language, the best method of acquiring the true pronunciation, and a thorough command of its peculiar sounds, is, to repeat a word, or to re-read a sentence, until, so far as it regards that word or sentence, the highest degree of accuracy is secured. What is true of a foreign language in regard to an adult, is true of our own in regard to a child just beginning to speak or to read it, for, to him, it is an unknown tongue.

Of what advantage can it be to a pupil, after having given a false accent to a word, or a false cadence or emphasis to a sentence, to have the teacher pronounce the same word, or read the same sentence correctly, if the exercise stops at that point? The fact of giving a mispronunciation to a word, or a false inflection of the voice to a sentence, proves, demonstrably, that the pupil had not the right conception, *in his mind*, of the manner in which the word or sentence should be pronounced or read. From the wrong conception in the pupil's mind, comes the wrong action of his organs, and from the wrong action of his organs, the wrong sounds of the voice. And here it is to be remarked, that every such error once committed, makes the repetition of it easy, and renders it more probable that the mistake will recur, in the same way, on a recurrence of the same circumstances. When, therefore, the teacher hears an erroneous sound in reading, and hence knows that there has been an erroneous action of the vocal organs, springing from an erroneous conception in the mind of the pupil, is it not his duty to go at once to the source of the evil? The pupil, his conceptions, his organs, his voice, are in error. Ought the teacher, under these circumstances, to do for the pupil what the pupil should do for himself,—that is, to enunciate the word or sentence with the authorized and appropriate accent, inflection, emphasis, and so forth, and there stop? Be it remembered, the mistake is in the pupil's mind, muscles, organs, voice, and not in the teacher's; and it is a perversion of the whole process, for the teacher who is right, to do what he has no need to do on his own account, and for the pupil who is wrong, to do nothing for his own rectification. How absurd, for the teacher,

who knows already what the true way is, to rehearse what he knows, and for the pupil, who does not know what the true way is, to make no effort to attain it. Such, however, we are sorry to say, is the common practice in many of our schools.

Whenever any false quantity or pronunciation is given to a word, or any wrong tone or modulation of the voice to a sentence, the teacher, if the pupil is young, should give him the true manner of pronouncing or reading, and require him to repeat it again and again, until he is able to copy the original with exactness;—indeed, it would be well to have the true mode of pronouncing or reading repeated once or twice, after it is acquired, in order to accustom the vocal organs to the true motions, the ear to the true sounds, and to deepen the impression on the memory.

If the scholars are advanced, it may be well, instead of informing them what the mistake is which they have made, or what rule they have violated, to send them to a dictionary, or to the rules for rhetorical reading, and to require them to ascertain by the application of their own minds, both the error and its correction.

Take a case very analogous to that of learning to read,—namely, that of learning to sing. When would a pupil learn to sing, if, after having uttered a false note, or a succession of false notes, the singing-master should be content with sounding the true ones himself, and then suffer the lesson to proceed? The error in teaching to read, against which we are contending, is precisely the same as that of teaching to sing in the manner supposed.

We might derive a lesson here from the mocking-birds. They perfect themselves in their wonderful power of imitating the notes of other birds, in the very manner we are recommending. If, in learning to sing the songs of other birds, they fall into a mistake, in a moment the gush of sound is checked, and they go back, again and again if necessary, until they catch and can repeat,—*verbatim et literatim*,—the notes they aspire to imitate. They also practise, long and faithfully, and they have wisdom enough to do this when they are young. Audubon, in speaking of the ferruginous mocking-bird, (*Orpheus Rufus*, Linn.) says, "It sings well. \* \* The young begin their musical studies in autumn, repeating passages with as much zeal as ever did Paganini." Again, he says: "No sooner has this bird reached its destined abode, than, whenever a fair morning occurs, it mounts the topmost twig of a detached tree, and pours forth its loud, richly varied, and highly melodious song. It scarcely possesses the faculty of imitation, but is a *steady performer*; and, although it sings for hours at a tune, seldom if ever commits errors while repeating the beautiful lessons set to it by nature, *all of which it studies for months during spring and summer*." Here, then, we see the effect of early training and constant practice. These birds begin their studies young,—in the autumn of the year in which they are hatched, and before the silken and flexible fibres of their throat toughen into whalebone. They repeat, innumerable times, what they hear, and the development of their "full powers of song," is not reached until after long application. Is not this a commentary on the folly and absurdity of those prudential committee-men who employ young and inexperienced teachers, for summer schools, on the ground that anybody will do to teach young children?

So the same great naturalist, Mr. Audubon, affirms, that these birds, are "steady performers,"—that is, they keep up their ac-

quaintance with the subject, and by so doing they attain to a perfection which is a constant source of delight to them,—just as it would be a source of delight to all our children to read, had they been properly taught when young.

But it may be necessary here to suggest a ground of caution to teachers. In very many schools, the scholars have been allowed to go on, lesson after lesson and year after year, without ever having been once required to repeat words or sentences, after the teacher, in order that they may become familiar with the true style of reading. If care and kindness be not used towards such pupils, it is more than possible that they will take offence, at being obliged to repeat the pronunciation of a word or the reading of a sentence, again and again, until accuracy is secured. The process, therefore, should be conducted in such a way as not to wound pride or excite opposition. Perhaps it may sometimes be necessary to introduce the new method gradually. If properly managed, it is believed that it can be always successfully done. How trite is the expression that children are imitative beings. If so, then the teacher has only to appeal to the faculty of imitation, and if he or she has even moderate skill, this faculty can be excited to activity, instead of that of resentment or combativeness.

*The sum of what we have said is, that, in teaching the mechanical part of reading, the teacher should uniformly require the pupils to correct their own errors, and to repeat the correction until they become familiar with the true mode.*

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READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined, for a hard-working man after his toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evil of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk,—with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if what he has been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

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BODY vs. MIND.—At the anniversary of the New York Mercantile Library Association, tickets to the dinner were sold for \$5.00,—tickets for the oration and poem, 50 cents.



[For the Common School Journal.]

## SCHOOL ORDER.

No. IV.

MR. EDITOR,—I commenced my 'Numbers for your Journal, by speaking of *School Order*,—its importance, and the means of preserving it. This led me naturally to consider the subject of Corporal Punishment. All regard corporal punishment as an evil, and many consider it a *necessary* evil. It has been my object to show, not that those schools in which the rod is abandoned, and government founded mainly on reason and conscience, will be perfect schools,—free from difficulties; but that they will have no more difficulties,—no more *trying* cases, which nobody knows what to do with, than other schools. And as the rod is in itself, by universal consent, an evil, I have been trying to show how its use may be avoided;—how teachers may prevent the occurrence of those dilemmas, from which, it is a common opinion, there is no escape but resorting to the whip. I have been endeavoring to show,—by stating explicitly and freely what I would do in case of the greatest supposable difficulty,—that *rod*-government, besides being less adapted to the great end of education, has no advantage over *no-rod*-government; no, not even in those cases in which it has been supposed to possess sole, sovereign and infallible power. This is just what I have attempted to do,—no more. I do not flatter myself that I have convinced everybody. I shall be satisfied, if I can induce teachers to make a *full and fair experiment* of my views. Mark my words,—a *full and fair experiment*. Some *may* try it, just as many *have* tried it; viz., in the very way that will be sure to FAIL. Such a trial would be no test of its merits. I shall not describe the manner again. Let a true man try it, and in the right way, and then I would like to hear what is the result. I have tried it, and found it successful; and not long ago, I persuaded a worthy friend of mine, an experienced and faithful teacher, who, for many years, has had charge of a central district school, to make the experiment. This is the second winter with him, and he declares to me that he never had so pleasant schools under the old regime. Let others go and do likewise.

There are a few other points connected with the general subject of *school order*, on which I have a word to say.

I. And, first, the classification of a school. This is a point which, at the opening of a school, demands immediate attention. I have known a school kept in confusion all winter from the want of an early and good classification of the pupils. Young teacher, let me call your attention a moment to this point. It is a matter of no little importance. It has more to do with your comfort and your success in school than you may imagine. Suppose you found yourself, to-morrow morning, in the schoolroom for the first time, with from fifty to eighty scholars,—what would be your first business? To classify your school. This, in towns where the system of a gradation of schools has been adopted, will be comparatively an easy task. When scholars are nearly of the same age and attainment, two or three divisions will comprise all the varieties. But I will suppose you are in a common grammar-school,—such as most of our winter schools in the country are,—of from forty to eighty

scholars; and all the varieties of age and attainment which may be found between four years and twenty. Here the process for classification may be something like the following, viz.

Having previously prepared a sheet of paper after the form here given,—

Names of scholars.	Age.	Parents' names.	Reading.	Spelling.	Arithmetic.	Grammar.	Geography.	Algebra.	History.	Physiology.
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proceed to call your pupils for examination in *alphabetical* order; i. e., say to all those whose surnames begin with the letter A,—(or, if you please, you can take two or three letters, A, B, C,)—*arrange yourselves upon this seat*, (or in any convenient part of the room, as the teacher may choose.) Then proceed to take their names and ages, and their parents' names. Then examine them, each one in order, in reading, spelling, or in any two or three of the various branches; but do not examine them in all the branches at this sitting. It would make the exercise too long; and the other pupils would grow uneasy. It would be better, after getting through a part of the branches, to dismiss this division, and call the next in rotation, D, E, F, and so on through the alphabet. After going once round, call the first division again; examine them in the remaining branches, or in two or three of them; then the second, and so on until the whole examination is finished. And all this, especially with the skilful and experienced practitioner, may be a much shorter process than most would imagine. A half dozen lines, for instance, in reading, and a few words of common use, of marked character, and not among our most difficult combinations, selected for spelling, such as *believe, receive, separation, supersede, infallible, grammar*, would give the discerning teacher a good, yea, almost a certain clew to the scholars' real knowledge in these branches; and so of the rest. As you examine, on your paper and under the proper head put down the degree of excellence from one up to four, five, or six, according as you please to extend the scale of gradation.

When you have got through, what have you as a reward for your labor? You have before you an *alphabetical list* of your scholars, and of their parents,—a very convenient matter for reference,—and you have formed, by means of this examination, some acquaintance, you have obtained some valuable insight into the character of every member of your school;—all this at the outset, almost before you have commenced operations. What an immense advantage it gives you! It is like chart and compass to the mariner, about to launch into an unexplored sea. It is a knowledge whose value you will feel all your journey through; and which may save you from many a school disaster, and possibly your character as a teacher from utter ruin. There are other methods in which the classification may be made. If the school has been long in existence, and under pretty judicious discipline, you may venture to tell the scholars to arrange themselves in classes in their usual manner. But even then I would proceed to take names in alphabetical order, and examine just as before. The particular *mode* of getting at this preliminary acquaintance with your school is not essential; it is the thing itself. This I insist upon. Without it, a week, month, or even half the term, may slip away, before you have the school arranged, before you know *what* each scholar can do, and *where* he can work to most advantage. After this general arrangement, or classifica-

tion, in the progress of the school, it will, no doubt, be necessary to make sundry changes and transfers, from time to time, as further acquaintance and more minute examination reveal to you more clearly the true position of every pupil. But this is very different from attempting to go on without any classification. It is all the difference between a plan somewhat short of perfection, and no plan at all,—utter confusion.

It may be asked, on what principle should the classification proceed? Should it be founded on age, or attainment, or both? I reply, chiefly on attainments; but let *some* respect be paid to age. On this point, I have somewhat modified my views in later years. I would not put a large boy of sixteen into a class with a little girl of six or eight, because he can read no better than she. His backwardness, it may be, is his misfortune, and not his fault. His position would be mortifying to his self-esteem. It would make him uncomfortable, and he would not learn so much. We do not like, any of us, to have our own self-esteem disturbed. Let us have some regard to that of others. He will thank you in his heart for thus regarding his feelings,—will be a better scholar, and you and all the school will be the happier for it. Let him go in with those who are more his equals in years, even though they should be somewhat further removed from him in attainment. Again; in making your classification, should you pay any respect to existing prejudices and peculiarities prevailing in the school or neighborhood; or to the customs and ways of former teachers? I think you may, when you can so do without compromising principle. And you would, doubtless, arrive at your own purposes, by so doing, easier and quicker than in any other way.

It is easier and safer, and often more expeditious, to ascend an inclined plane than to go up at once a perpendicular steep.

Once more;—in assigning and apportioning studies, should any regard be had to the preferences of scholars? Shall every scholar attend to all the studies of the class in which he is placed? Sometimes, in our country schools, there are large scholars, who come in for a short time, to attend to one or two branches,—arithmetic, book-keeping, or the like,—and who wish to be excused from all other exercises, especially grammar and reading. Shall they be indulged; or shall the whole course of study be required of all? Indulgences and exceptions of this sort will be granted by the methodical and judicious teacher with caution. But I am clear in the opinion that they should be granted to some extent. The taste and inclination of the pupil in this matter should be respected;—especially in the case of large scholars, who are expecting to attend school only for a short season. A scholar makes poor progress in a study in which he feels no interest. And if a large boy, having attained the stature of manhood, comes into school and wishes to devote his whole attention to arithmetic for a month, let him do it, even though he is a poor reader, and knows nothing of grammar. It is an accommodation to which the general rules should yield. Let it not, however, be inferred from this concession, that I am for submitting it to the option of scholars, young or old, whether they will attend to many branches, or to few, or to none at all. This would be a perversion of the concession. I believe it is for the interest of the school, that the studies should be defined by the committee, or rather by the law, the scholars classified, and the reg-



ular course of studies, exacted of all the class, unless some good and sufficient reason can be given for making an exception.

2. There is another point, which has a bearing on the subject of school order, on which I wish to say a word. It is the duty of assistants in regard to sustaining order and keeping up a high tone of discipline in the school! I fear that there is too little feeling of responsibility with assistants in regard to this matter. Many of them look upon it as almost exclusively the principal's concern.

If they hear their classes recite the lessons, the principal, who is responsible for the character of the school in respect to order, must see that all things go well. Now this is entirely a wrong view of the matter; and so far as any assistant entertains it, she is entirely at fault. An assistant should extend to the principal, in behalf of the school, not only her labors, but her sympathies. She should feel and manifest an interest, individually, in everything that effects the character and standing of the school; in its government and order, as well as in its instruction. She should aid him by her counsel, by her word, by her example, and by her whole influence, in executing the rules of the school and preserving order among the pupils. I have seen assistants, and good assistants too, so far as giving instruction is concerned, who seemed to feel that they had no part nor lot in this matter. This is a great mistake. They should consider that they are assistants in the school, not merely in *teaching*,—but assistants in the largest sense, to aid the principal in *all* things proper to be done for the good of the school. They should manifest an interest in this matter. I mean, they should let it appear to the school that they feel a concern about it. But if assistants are regardless of the rules of the school themselves, if they are light and frivolous, if they are smirking and laughing at each other,—frequently conversing, when not actually engaged in hearing recitations,—interchanging thoughts when passing each other in the rooms, and evidently on subjects which have no relevancy to school matters; if, when the principal is addressing the whole school on matters of general interest, or administering reproof for flagrant misdemeanors, they manifest no solicitude and no interest in the case, but are enjoying a *tete-a-tete* in a corner by themselves, as I have known assistants to do, they must not complain, if a deep interest in the order and discipline is not accredited to them. The whole appearance is against it. To preserve good order, then, assistants should coöperate with principals.

3. I never knew good order in a school where the scholars were allowed to move along in a confused, noisy and boisterous manner, when entering or retiring from the room at the commencement and close of school, or when passing to and from recitation seats. It is an indication of the want of order, which I have never known to fail in a single instance. And it is not only an *indication* of the want of order, but an absolute *hindrance* to it. The boy who is allowed to *enter* the schoolroom blusteringly, will, almost imperceptibly to himself, feel that he has permission to bluster through the whole day. Some teachers, on the contrary, exercise a needless restraint on this point, and make the scholars go about singly and on tiptoe. There is a happy medium more favorable to good order than either extreme. Let every teacher aim to secure this. When school is dismissed, or classes are called, let the scholars advance with a light step,—not all in a body,—but by seats, or in small companies.

I have now said what I have to offer, on school order,—its importance and the mode of preserving it. At some future period, I may give my views on the proper mode of teaching some of the common branches.

P.

P. S. While writing about corporal punishment, I intended to advert to the practice of some who are in the habit of whipping children for lying, swearing, &c. I have now only room to say, that I entirely disapprove of it. You cannot whip *goodness* into children any more than you can whip *knowledge* into them.

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"HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN TO TEAZE.—Children are taught to tease, very much as they are taught to cry. With all his little wants, real or imaginary, the child runs to its mother. They are matters of importance to him. He wants a definite and decisive answer,—one which will settle the question,—and his mind will be on the rack till he has it. It is not the nature of the child to feel otherwise. He will have no peace himself, and will therefore give his mother no peace, till he understands and knows that the point is settled, and how it is settled. If you give him no answer till he has spoken ten times, he will speak ten times; and then if he has any reason to suspect that speaking twenty times more will obtain an answer more favorable to his wishes, he will speak twenty times more. And this will soon grow into a habit. But give him an answer the first time he speaks, and he will not be obliged to speak a second time to obtain one; and never alter your decision for teasing, and he will soon give it up as of no use. If you have leisure, and the occasion seems a proper one, you may let him argue his case before you decide it, but not afterwards. Indeed, if he has learned by experience that your decisions are final, he will seldom, if ever, attempt it. He will consider it an answer. His mind will be at rest on that point, and soon find something else with which to amuse himself."

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"THE trappings of dress I most heartily despise, and have always felt inclined to judge of the mind from the clothing of the body. The neatness and purity of the one, indicate the solidity and harmony of the other. In either, an extravagant frippery in dress denotes a weak understanding."

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"GOOD BOOKS.—The only paper currency worth more than gold and silver."

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"HE who assumes airs of importance, exhibits credentials of ignorance."

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"ACCURACY is one of the signs and safeguards of truth."

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A DRONE in society should be as rare a phenomenon as in a hive of bees; and it is hardly going too far to say, that, when found, he should be treated in the same manner.



[The following beautiful story should be read, with appropriate commentary and exposition, as one of the *general exercises*, in all schools.—Ed.]

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TRUTH.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

"This above all!—to thine own self be true!  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

## CHAPTER I.—A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"MOTHER! mother!" exclaimed a sweet, eager voice, and the speaker, a child of thirteen years, burst into the room, where Mrs. Carlton sat at work,—“don't you think there is to be a prize given on exhibition day for the best composition! And I mean to try for it,—sha'nt I?”

She was a little, harum-scarum looking thing! I suppose she had run all the way home from school, for her straw bonnet hung on her neck instead of her head, and a profusion of soft dark hair was streaming in such disorder about her glowing face, that you could not tell if she were pretty or not; but you could see a pair of brilliant gray or blue or black eyes,—they certainly changed their color with every new emotion, but I think they were really gray,—full of laughter, and love beaming through the truant tresses, and all eloquent with the beauty of a fresh, warm soul. This change in the child's eyes is no freak of a foolish fancy; for every one noticed it; and her school-crony, Kate Sumner, used to declare, that when Harriet was angry they were black; gray when she was thoughtful; violet when sad; and when happy and loving, they changed to the tenderest blue.

Mrs. Carlton drew the little girl toward her, and smoothed back the rebellious curls, at the same time exclaiming, with a long-drawn sigh, “My *dear* Harriet! how you *do* look!”

“Oh, mother! it's not the least matter how *I* look! If I were only a beauty, now, like Angelina Burton, I would keep my hair as smooth as,—as *any* thing; but I wouldn't rub my cheeks though, as she does always, just before she goes into a room where there's company,—would *you*, mother?”

The mother gazed at her child's expressive face, as she spoke, with its irregular, yet lovely features, the strange, bright eyes, the changing cheek, the full and sweet, but spirited mouth, and said to herself, “Whatever you may think, my darling, I would not change your simple, innocent, childlike unconsciousness, for all Angelina's beauty, spoiled as it is by vanity and affectation.”

“But, mother, do give me a subject for composition, for I want to write it now, this minute!”

“Harriet,” said Mrs. Carlton quietly, “go and brush your hair, change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can.”

Harriet half pouted; but she met her mother's tranquil eye; the pout changed to a good-humored smile, and kissing her affectionately, she bounded off to do her bidding.

While she is gone, you would like,—would you not, dear reader?—to ask a few questions about her. I can guess what they are, and will answer them, to the best of my knowledge.

Mrs. Carlton is a widow, with a moderate fortune, and a handsome house in Tremont street, Boston. She has been a star in fashionable life, but since the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she has retired from the gay world, and devoted herself to her child,—a wild, frank, happy, and generous and impetuous creature, with half a dozen glaring faults, and one rare virtue which nobly redeemed them all. That virtue, patient reader, you must find out for yourself. Perhaps you will catch a glimpse of it in

#### CHAPTER II.—AUNT ELOISE.

Harriet was busy with her composition, when her aunt, who was on a visit to Mrs. Carlton, entered the room. Aunt Eloise was a weak-minded and weak-hearted lady, of a very uncertain age, unhappily gifted with more sensibility than sense. She really had a deal of feeling,—for herself, and an almost inexhaustible shower of tears, varied occasionally by hysterics and fainting-fits, whenever any pressing exigency, in the fate of her friends, demanded self-possession, energy, or immediate assistance. If, too, there happened, as there will sometimes, in all households, to be an urgent necessity for instant exertion by any member of the family, such as sewing, watching with an invalid or shopping with a country cousin, poor Aunt Eloise was invariably and most unfortunately seized with a sudden toothache, headache, pain in the side, strange feelings, dreadful nervousness, or some trouble of the kind, which quite precluded the propriety of asking her aid.

Every morning at breakfast Aunt Eloise edified the family with a wonderful dream, which the breakfast-bell had interrupted, and every evening she grew sentimental over the reminiscences which the twilight hour awakened. It was then that innumerable shades of former admirers arose. Some doubted if they had ever been *more* than shades; but Aunt Eloise certainly knew best about that; and who had a right to deny, that Mr. Smith had knelt to her for pity; that Colonel Green had vowed eternal adoration; and that Lawyer Lynx had laid his heart, his hand, and his fees, which were not quite a fortune, at her feet?

Aunt Eloise had been,—at least she hinted so,—a beauty and a blue, in her day; and, to maintain both characters, she rouged, wore false ringlets, and scribbled love-verses, which she had a bad habit of leaving, by accident, between the leaves of books in every frequented room of the house.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her niece, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming, every now and then, in her presence, and in that of others, "Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!" &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Eloise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing anything for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her niece, was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs. Carlton as regularly threw them in the fire.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?" asked the little girl, one

day, as she watched, with longing eyes, a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly emptying into the grate.

Mrs. Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child:—

“That would be *worse* than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give to another what I refuse to you on account of its unwholesomeness.”

But Harriet had now been for a long time out of the spinster’s books,—as the saying is,—and this misfortune occurred as follows:—

One morning, when she was six years old, the child came into her mother’s room from her aunt’s, where she had been alternately petted, scolded, and teased, till she was weary, and, seating herself in a corner, remained for some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she had asked an explanation, had made a deep impression upon her. It was this,—“God sends us trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts.” She now sat in her corner, without speaking or stirring, until her mother’s voice startled her from her reverie.

“Of what are you now thinking, Harriet?”

“Mother, did God send Aunt Eloise to strengthen and purify my heart?”

“What do you mean, my child?”

“Why, the book says he sends trials for that, and she is the greatest trial *I* have, you know.”

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as this dialogue began, and hearing her own name, she had stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage, she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel child again.

But we have wasted more words on the fair Eloise’s follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet’s all-important composition.

The maiden-lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head sometimes to be exceedingly inquisitive, and officious too;—particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet and looked over her shoulder.

“What’s this, hey? oh! a story! That’s right, Harriet; I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child! give me the pen and I will improve that sentence for you.”

“Thank you, aunt! but I don’t want it improved.”

“Not want it improved! There’s vanity!”

“Indeed, aunt, I am not vain about it, and I would like to have you help me, if it were not to be shown as mine. It wouldn’t be fair, you know, to pass off another’s as my own. I am writing for a prize.”

“For a prize! So much the more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play and I will write it all for you. You will be sure to win the prize.”

With every word thus uttered, Harriet’s eyes had grown larger and darker, and at the close, she turned them, full of astonishment, from her aunt’s face to her mother’s. Reassured by the expression of the latter, she replied,

“But, Aunt Eloise, that would be a falsehood, you know.”

“A falsehood, miss!” cried the maiden sharply. “It is a very common thing, I assure you!”

“But not the less false for being common, Eloise,” said Mrs. Carlton; “pray let Harriet have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize, than to gain it thus dishonestly.”



Aunt Eloise, as usual, secretly determined to have *her own way*; but she said no more then, and Harriet pursued her employment without further interruption.

### CHAPTER III.—THE PRIZE.

The exhibition day had arrived. Harriet had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother. It was a simple, graceful, childlike effusion, with less of pretension and ornament, and more of spirit and originality, than the compositions of most children of the same age contain.

Mrs. Carlton seemed much pleased; but Aunt Eloise had criticised it without mercy. At the same time she was observed to smile frequently with a cunning, sly, triumphant expression, peculiar to herself,—an expression which she always wore when she had a secret, and secrets she had, in abundance,—a new one almost every day,—trivial, petty secrets, which no one cared about but herself; but which *she* guarded as jealously as if they had been apples of gold.

The exhibition day arrived.

"Good bye, mother; good bye, aunty," said Harriet, glancing for a moment into the breakfast-room.

She was looking very pretty in a simple, tasteful dress, made for the occasion. She held the story in her hand, neatly enclosed in an envelope, and her eyes were full of hope,—the cloudless hope of childhood.

"Don't be surprised, Harriet," said her aunt, "at anything that may happen to-day. Only be thankful if the prize is yours, that's all."

"If Kate Sumner don't win it, I do *hope* I shall!" replied the eager child, and away she tripped to school.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Carlton and her sister took their seats among the audience, in the exhibition room. The usual exercises were completed, and it only remained for the compositions to be read aloud by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay upon Friendship. Mr. Wentworth, the teacher, looked first surprised, then amused, then vexed as he read, while a gaily and fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head and fan herself with a very complacent air, while she met, with a nod, the conscious eyes of a fair and beautiful, but haughty-looking girl of fifteen seated among the pupils.

"By Angelina Burton," said the teacher as he concluded, and laying it aside without further comment, he took up the next,—  
"Lines to a favorite Tree," by Catherine Sumner."

It was short and simple, and ran as follows:—

Thy leaves' lightest murmur,  
Oh! beautiful tree!  
Each bend of thy branches,  
The stately, the free,  
Each wild, wavy whisper,  
Is music to me.

I gaze thro' thy labyrinth,  
Golden and green,  
Where the light loves to linger,  
In glory serene,

Far up, till yon heaven-blue  
Trembles between.

I shut out the city,  
Its sight and its sound,  
And away, far away,  
For the forest I'm bound,  
For the noble old forest,  
Which ages have crowned!

I lean on its moss banks,  
I stoop o'er its rills,

I see thro' its vistas  
The vapor-wreathed hills,  
And my soul with a gush  
Of wild happiness fills !

I pine for the freshness,  
The freedom, the health,  
Which Nature can give me ;  
My soul's dearest wealth  
Is wasted in cities ;—  
Where, only by stealth,

The mountain-born breezes  
Can fitfully play,  
Where we steal but a glimpse  
Of this glorious day,

And but by the calendar  
Learn it is May.

But away with repining,—  
I'll study from thee  
A lesson of patience,  
Oh ! noble, old tree !  
Mid dark walls imprisoned,  
Thou droop'st not like me ;—

But strivest forever  
Still up, strong and brave,  
Till in Heaven's pure sunshine  
Thy free branches wave !  
Oh ! thus may I meet it,  
No longer a slave !

The next was a story, and Harriet Carlton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same, yet not the same ! The incidents were hers, the sentiment more novel-like, and many a flowery and highly wrought sentence had been introduced, which she had never heard before.

She sat speechless with wonder, indignation, and dismay, and though several other inferior compositions were read, she was so absorbed in reverie, that she heard no more until she was startled by Mr. Wentworth's voice calling her by name. She looked up. In his hand was the prize,—a richly chased, golden pencil-case, suspended to a chain of the same material. The sound, the sight recalled her bewildered faculties, and ere she reached the desk, she had formed a resolution, which, however, it required all her native strength of soul to put in practice.

"Miss Carlton, the prize is yours !" and the teacher leaned forward to throw the chain around her neck. The child drew back.

"No, sir," she said in a low, but firm and distinct voice, looking up bravely in his face, "I did not write the story you have read."

"Not write it !" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth. "Why, then, does it bear your name ? Am I to understand, Miss Carlton, that you have asked another's assistance in your composition, and that you now repent the deception ?"

Poor Harriet ! this was too much ! Her dark eyes first flashed, and then filled with tears ; her lip trembled with emotion, and she paused a moment, as if disdaining a reply to this unmerited charge.

A slight and sneering laugh from the beauty aroused her, and she answered, respectfully but firmly,

"The story, I did write, was in that envelope yesterday. Some one has changed it without my knowledge. It was not so good as that you have read ; so I must not take the prize."

There was a murmur of applause through the assembly, and the teacher bent upon the blushing girl a look of approval, which amply repaid her for all the embarrassment she had suffered.

Aunt Eloise took advantage of the momentary excitement to steal unobserved from the room. Harriet took her seat, and Miss Angelina Burton was next called up. The portly matron leaned smilingly forward ; and the graceful little beauty, already affecting the airs of a fine lady, sauntered up to the desk and languidly reached out her hand for the prize.

"I cannot say much for your taste in selection, Miss Burton. I do not admire your author's sentiments. The next time you wish

to make an extract, you must allow me to choose for you. There are better things than this, even in the trashy magazine from which you have copied it."

And with this severe, but justly merited reproof of the imposition that had been practised, he handed the young lady, not the prize, which she expected, but the MS. essay on Friendship, which she had copied, word for word, from an old magazine.

The portly lady turned very red, and the beauty, bursting into tears of anger and mortification, returned to her seat discomfited.

"Miss Catherine Sumner," resumed the teacher, with a benign smile, to a plain, yet noble-looking girl, who came forward as he spoke, "I believe there can be no mistake about your little effusion. I feel great pleasure in presenting you the reward, due, not only to your mental cultivation, but to the goodness of your heart. What! do *you*, too, hesitate?"

"Will you be kind enough, sir," said the generous Kate, taking a paper from her pocket, "to read Harriet's story before you decide. I asked her for a copy several days ago, and here it is."

"You shall read it to the audience yourself, my dear; I am sure they will listen patiently to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf."

The listeners looked pleased and eager to hear the story; and Kate Sumner, with a modest self-possession, which well became her, and with her fine eyes lighting up as she read, did full justice to the pretty and touching story, of which Harriet had been so cruelly robbed.

"It is well worth reading," said Mr. Wentworth, when she had finished; "your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it, yourself."

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck; and Harriet could not restrain her tears, while she whispered,

"I will take it, *not* as a prize, but as a gift from *you*, dear Kate!"

"And now, Miss Sumner," said Mr. Wentworth, in conclusion, "let me beg your acceptance of these volumes, as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem;" and presenting her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

"Will you lend me your prize-pencil this morning, Harriet?" said Mrs. Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil to take out with her; but she immediately unclasped the chain from her neck, and handed it to her mother without asking any questions.

She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word, "TRUTH," engraved upon its seal.—*Graham's Magazine.*

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THE death of a printer is thus chronicled in an English paper:—"George Woodcock, the \* of his profession, the *type* of honesty, the ! of all; and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every \$ of his life is without a ||."



## EXERCISE.

MANY people look upon the necessity man is under of earning his bread by labor as a curse. But it is evident, from the structure of the body, that exercise is not less necessary than food for the preservation of health. Those who labor are not only the most healthy, but generally the most happy part of mankind. This is peculiarly the case with those who live by the culture of the ground. The great increase of inhabitants in infant colonies, and the longevity, everywhere, of such as follow agriculture, evidently prove it to be the most healthful as well as the most useful employment.

The love of activity shows itself very early in man. So strong is the principle, that a healthy youth cannot be restrained from activity. Our love of motion is surely a strong proof of its utility. It seems to be a law throughout the whole animal creation that no creature, without exercise, should enjoy health, or be able to find subsistence.

Inactivity never fails to produce a universal relaxation of the solids, which disposes the body to innumerable diseases. When the solids are relaxed, neither the digestion nor the secretion can be duly performed. How can persons who loll all day on easy chairs, and sleep all night on beds of down, fail to be relaxed? Nor do those much mend the matter who never stir abroad but in a coach.

Glandular obstructions generally proceed from inactivity. These are the most obstinate maladies. So long as the liver, kidneys and other glands, duly perform their functions, health is seldom much impaired; but when they fail, it is difficult to be restored.

Weak nerves are also the constant companions of inactivity. We seldom hear the laborious complain of weak nerves. This plainly points out the sources from which nervous diseases generally originate, and the means by which it may be prevented.

It is absolutely impossible to enjoy health, where the perspiration is retained in the body; it vitiates the humors, and occasions the gout, rheumatism, &c.

No piece of indolence injures the health more than the custom of lying in bed too long in the morning; the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, as the air braces and strengthens the nerves. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health.

Every person should lay himself under some sort of necessity to take exercise. Indolence, like other vices, when indulged, gains ground, and at length becomes agreeable. Hence those who are fond of exercise in the early part of life, become quite averse to it afterwards. This is often the case with gouty and hypochondriac persons, and frequently renders their diseases so difficult to cure.

Indolence not only occasions diseases and renders men useless to society, but promotes all manner of vice. The mind, if not engaged in some useful pursuit, is constantly in quest of some ideal pleasures. From these sources proceed most of the miseries of mankind. Certainly man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation, whereas an active life is the best and greatest preservative of health.—*Oracle of Health.*

## CONQUER WITH KINDNESS.

If you would have friends, you must show yourselves friendly. I once had a neighbor, who, though a clever man, came to me one hayday, and said, "Squire White, I want you to come and get your geese away." "Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it." "What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have not time to do now," said I. "I do not see but they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall; what do you say, Squire White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages." "Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess." So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days the man's hogs broke into my corn; I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the man came in great haste after them. "Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field." "In your field?" "Yes," said I, "hogs love corn, you know,—they were made to eat." "How much mischief have they done?" "O, not much," said I. Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage at a bushel and a half of corn. "O no," said I, "it can't be." "Yes," said he, "and I will pay you every cent of damage." "No," I replied, "you shall pay nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you." The man blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, he determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; and in a day or two I met him in the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loath to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something laboring in my mind. Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came in his eyes. "O well," said I, "never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

Now, conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness, where you can conquer in no other way.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

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LEXINGTON NORMAL SCHOOL. The next term of the Lexington Normal School will commence on Wednesday, the 3d day of May next. All who intend to present themselves for admission at the school, are requested to do so on the first day of the term, and to bring with them a Bible, Worcester's Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary, Worcester's Geography and Atlas, Porter's Rhetorical Reader, Colburn's First Lessons, Sequel and Algebra.

Lexington, March 15, 1843.

SAMUEL J. MAY, Principal.

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